



"To muse upon thy banks at Even-tide."

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"To muse upon thy banks at Even-tide."
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SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY THE

REVEREND W. L. BOWLES, A. M.

OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

FIFTH EDITION,

With an Aquatint Engraving by Alken.

..... Χαιρ' Αγεθοισα,
Χαι ποταμοι, τοι χυτε κηλον κατα Θυμειδος υδαρ.

THEOCRITUS, EIDYLLION I.



BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL:

AND SOLD BY

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M DCC XCVI.



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TO THE
REVEREND NEWTON OGLE, D. D.

DEAN OF WINCHESTER,

THE FOLLOWING SONNETS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

William Lisle Bowles.

DONHEAD, WILTS,
NOV. 1795.

REVEREND NEWTON GOLF, D.D.

DEAN OF WINCHESTER

THE FOLLOWING SONNETS

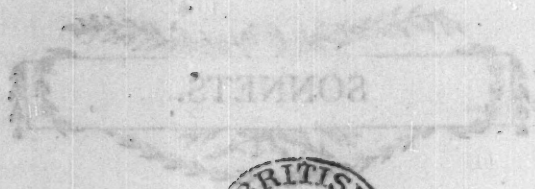
BY THE REV. J. H. GOLF, D.D.



Printed by J. H. GOLF, D.D.

ROBERTSON, 1872
NOV. 1872

SONNETS.



SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT

TINEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND,

AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

AS slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
 Much musing on the track of terror past,
 When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
 Pleas'd I look back and view the tranquil tide
 That laves the pebbled shore. And now the beam
 Of ev'ning smiles on the grey battlement,
 And yon forsaken tow'r that time has rent:—
 The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
 Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep!
 Sooth'd by the scene, thus on tir'd nature's breast
 A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest;
 While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,
 Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
 Wak'd by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire.

SONNET II.

AT

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
 Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
 Assail you, and the winter whirlwind's sweep!
 For far from blazing Grandeur's crouded halls,
 Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
 Oft list'ning tearful when the wild winds beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Many readers may be ignorant that this very ancient castle, with its extensive domains, heretofore the property of the family of FORSTER, whose heiress married Lord CREWE, bishop of Durham, is appropriated by the will of that pious Prelate to many benevolent purposes; particularly that of ministring instant relief to such shipwrecked mariners as may happen to be cast on this dangerous coast, for whose preservation, and that of their vessels, every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The whole estate is vested in the hands of Trustees, one of whom, Dr. SHARP, archdeacon of Northumberland, with an active zeal well suited to the nature of the humane institution, makes this castle his chief residence, attending with unwearied diligence to the proper application of the charity.



SONNET III.

TO THE

RIVER WENSBECK.

WHILE slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,
 WENSBECK! the mossy-scatter'd rocks among,
 In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
 To the dark woods above, that waving seem
 To bend o'er some enchanted spot, remov'd
 From life's vain coil; I listen to the wind,
 And think I hear meek sorrow's plaint, reclin'd
 O'er the forsaken tomb of one she lov'd!—
 Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
 To him who passes weary on his way—
 The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
 Shall thank you;—and whene'er of pleasures flown
 His heart some long-lost image would renew,
 Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

SONNET IV.

TO
THE TWEED.

O TWEED! a stranger, that with wandering feet
 O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile,
 (If so his weary thoughts he might beguile)
 Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
 The waving branches that romantick bend
 O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
 The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below
 Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
 Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
 Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
 Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
 To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

SONNET V.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
 Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
 The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
 And wood,—I think of those that have no friend,
 Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure
 flaunts,
 Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
 Unseen. They watch the tints that o'er thy bed
 Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
 Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the
 while
 Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

SONNET VI.

ON LEAVING

A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

CLYSDALE, as thy romantick vales I leave,
 And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 Where fond attention seems to linger still,
 Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve
 That, mingled with the toiling croud, no more
 I may return thy varied views to mark,
 Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark,
 Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
 Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!—
 For this a look back on thy hills I cast,
 And many a soften'd image of the past
 Pleas'd I combine, and bid remembrance keep,
 To soothe me with fair views and fancies rude
 When I pursue my path in solitude.

SONNET VII.

TO THE
RIVER ITCHIN, NEAR WINTON.

ITCHIN, when I behold thy banks again,
 Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
 On which the self-same tints still seem to rest,
 Why feels my heart the shiv'ring sense of pain?
 Is it—that many a summer's day has past
 Since, in life's morn, I carol'd on thy side?
 Is it—that oft, since then, my heart has sigh'd,
 As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast?
 Is it—that those, who circled on thy shore,
 Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
 Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend
 Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
 As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
 From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

SONNET VIII.

O POVERTY! though from thy haggard eye,
 Thy cheerless mein, of every charm bereft,
 Thy brow that Hope's last traces long have left,
 Vain Fortune's feeble sons with terror fly;
 I love thy solitary haunts to seek:—
 For Pity, reckless of her own distress;
 And Patience, in the pall of wretchedness,
 That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek;
 And Piety, that never told her wrong;
 And meek Content, whose griefs no more rebel;
 And Genius, warbling sweet her saddest song;
 And Sorrow, list'ning to a lost friend's knell,
 Long banish'd from the world's insulting throng;—
 With Thee, and thy unfriended offspring, dwell.

SONNET IX.

AT DOVER CLIFFS,

JULY 20, 1787.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
 Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood;
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
 Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow; of the friends he lov'd most dear;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
 The World his country, and his God his guide.

SONNET X.

AT OSTEND, LANDING,

JULY 21, 1787.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar—
 From yonder azure track, emerging white,
 The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
 And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore—
 Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
 Yet, 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmov'd
 Like one for ever torn from all he lov'd,
 Tow'rd Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
 Where every pleasure seem'd erewhile to dwell:
 Yet boots it not to think or to complain,
 Musing sad ditties to the reckless main:—
 To dreams like these, adieu!—the pealing bell
 Speaks of the hour that stays not,—and the day
 To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

SONNET XI.

AT OSTEND,

JULY 22, 1787.

HOW sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
 And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
 And now, along the white and level tide,
 They fling their melancholy musick wide;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magick of their mingling chime
 First wak'd my wond'ring childhood into tears!
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

SONNET XII.

ON THE RHINE.

'T WAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's
brow,

(Hung with bright clusters of the bending vine)

Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling

Rhine

We bounded, and the white waves round the prow

In murmurs parted;—varying as we go,

Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,

Some convent's ancient walls, or glist'ning spire,

'Mid the bright landscape's track, unfolding slow.

Here dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,

Hangs the bleak cliff—there on the woodland's side

The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;

Whilst hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,

Would wish to linger many a summer's day,

Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

SONNET XIII.

AT A CONVENT.

IF chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
 (His bosom glowing from majestick views,
 The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's
 hues)
 Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—
 'Tis poor MATILDA! To the cloister'd scene
 A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
 To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
 Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene
 As the pale moon-light in the midnight isle—
 Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
 Be the rude spot by passing pity blest,
 Where, hush'd to long repose, the wretched rest.

SONNET XIV.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;
 On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

SONNET XV.

LANGUID, and sad, and slow from day to day,
 I journey on, yet pensive turn to view
 (Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue)
 The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.
 So fares it with the children of the earth:
 For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
 Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,
 Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
 But them vain hope, and easy youth beguiles,
 And soon a longing look, like me, they cast
 Back on the pleasing prospect of the past:
 Yet fancy points where still far onward smiles
 Some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
 Till cheerless on their path the night descends.

SONNET XVI.

ON

A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 Albion! as now thy cliffs (that white appear
 Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
 To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails!
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
 And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave,
 Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there.

SONNET XVII.

TO THE

RIVER CHERWELL.

CHERWELL, how pleas'd along thy willow'd edge
Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge!
And now reposing on thy banks once more,
I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose musick on my melancholy way
I woo'd: amid thy waving willows hoar
Seeking awhile to rest—till the bright sun
Of joy return, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
Beams on the night-storms passing wings below:
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
'Till Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

SONNET XVIII.

AS one who long by wasting sickness worn
 Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard
 Heartless the carol of the matin bird
 Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
 Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
 He with new hope the length of landscape views,
 Delightful bath'd with slow-ascending dews;
 Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
 In varying forms fantastick wander white;
 Or turns his ear to every random song,
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
 The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight.
 With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,
 Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense
 steal.

SONNET XIX.

OCTOBER 1792.

GO then, and join the distant city's throng!
Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
To busy phantasies, and boding fears,
Lest ill betide thee: but 'twill not be long,
And the hard season shall be past: adieu!
Till then;—yet sometimes this forsaken shade
Rememb'ring, and these trees now left to fade;
Mayst thou, amidst the scenes of pleasure new,
Think on thy absent friend: in heaviness
To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
Till mournful autumn past, and all the snow
Of winter-pale! the glad hour I shall bless,
That shall restore thee from the croud again,
To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

SONNET XX.

NOVEMBER 1792.

THERE is strange musick in the stirring wind,
 When low'rs the autumnal eve, and all alone
 To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
 Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclin'd
 Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sear.
 If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
 Thou late hast pass'd the happier hours of spring,
 With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year.
 Chiefly if one with whom such sweets at morn
 Or eve thou'st shar'd, to distant scenes shall stray.
 O Spring, return! return, auspicious May!
 But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
 If she return not with thy cheering ray,
 Who from these shades is gone, gone far away.

SONNET XXI.

APRIL 1793.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that whispering
sweet,

Promis'd methought long days of bliss sincere?

Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,

Most like soft musick, that might sometimes cheat

Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of
Hope.

Of love, and social scenes, it seem'd to speak,

Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;

That, oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope

Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.

Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;

Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;

Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,

Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,

"No peace be thine," exclaim'd, "away, away!"

SONNET XXII.

MAY 1793.

AS o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
 Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
 On images I lov'd, (alas, how well!)
 Now past, and but remember'd like sweet sounds
 Of yesterday! yet in my breast I keep
 Such recollections, painful though they seem,
 And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
 I wake, and find them not: then I could weep
 To think that time so soon each sweet devours;
 To think so soon life's first endearments fail,
 And we are dup'd by Hope's amusive tale!
 Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
 Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,
 Will fly, as faithless and as fleet as they!

SONNET XXIII.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate,—
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Thro' each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once might proudly in their prime
 Have stood, with giant port; till bow'd by time
 Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
 They might have sunk, like thee: tho' thus forlorn,
 They lift their head, with venerable hairs
 Besprent, majestick yet, and as in scorn
 Of mortal vanities and short-liv'd cares:
 Ev'n so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
 Smile at the tempest, and time's sweeping sway.

SONNET XXIV.

MAY 1793.

HOW shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
 My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
 First came, and on each coomb's romantick side
 Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
 Fresh flowers shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
 As with the songs of joyance and of hope
 The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
 The poplars sparkle in the transient beam;
 The shrubs and laurels which I lov'd to tend,
 Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
 With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
 Shall put forth their green shoots, and cheer the
 sight!
 But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
 And weep for her who in the cold grave lies!

SONNET XXV.

HOW blest with thee the path could I have trod
 Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate,
 (And little wishing more) nor of the great
 Envious, or their proud name! but it pleas'd God
 To take thee to his mercy: thou didst go
 In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed;
 Ev'n whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
 Of years to come of comfort!—Be it so.—
 Ere this I have felt sorrow; and ev'n now
 (Tho' sometimes the unbidden thought must start,
 And half unman the miserable heart)
 The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
 And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
 "Best friend, farewell, till we do meet again!"

SONNET XXVI.

ON
REVISITING OXFORD.

I Never hear the sound of thy glad bells,
 OXFORD! and chime harmonious, but I say,
 (Sighing to think how time has worn away)
 "Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
 "Heard after years of absence, from the vale
 "Where *Cberwell* winds." Most true it speaks
 the tale
 Of days departed, and its voice recalls
 Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
 Of life, and many friends now scatter'd wide
 By many fates.—Peace be within thy walls!
 I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
 Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
 Each better hope, since my poor ***** died,
 What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget!

SONNET XXVII.

WRITTEN

AT MALVERN,

JULY II, 1793.

I Shall behold far off thy tow'ring crest,
 Proud Mountain: from thy heights as slow I stray,
 Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
 I shall behold, upon thy rugged breast,
 The parting sun sit smiling: me the while
 Escap'd the croud, thoughts full of heaviness
 May visit, as life's bitter losses press
 Hard on my bosom: but I shall "beguile
 "The thing I am," and think, that (ev'n as thou
 Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
 Proud Mountain! whilst the scatter'd vapours fly
 Unheeded round thy breast) so, with calm brow,
 The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
 The smile unchang'd of peace, tho' press'd by care!

Elegy,

WRITTEN AT THE

HOTWELLS, BRISTOL.

[11]

SONNET. XXV.

AT MALVERN.

Cliff,

HOVERSTOL.



Elegy,

WRITTEN AT THE

HOTWELLS, BRISTOL, JULY 1789.

INSCRIBED TO

THE REVEREND W. HOWLEY.

THE morning wakes in shadowy mantle grey,
The darksome woods their glimmering skirts
unfold,
Prone from the cliff the falcon wheels her way,
And long and loud the bell's slow chime is toll'd.

The redd'ning light gains fast upon the skies,
And far away the glist'ning vapours sail,
Down the rough steep th' accustom'd hedger hies,
And the stream winds in brightness thro' the vale!

How beauteous the pale rocks above the shore
 Uplift their bleak and furrow'd aspect high;
 How proudly desolate their foreheads hoar,
 That meet the earliest sunbeam of the sky!

Bound to yon dusky mart, with pennants gay,
 The tall bark, on the winding water's line,
 Between the riven cliffs plies her hard way,
 And peering on the sight the white sails shine.

Alas! for those by drooping sickness worn,
 Who now come forth to meet the gladsome ray;
 And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
 Round their torn breast and throbbing temples play!

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
 On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
 Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
 To breathe of comfort never to return.

Yet oft, as sadly-thronging dreams arise,
 Awhile forgetful of their pain they gaze,
 A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
 And o'er their cheek the tender hectic strays.

The purple morn that paints with sidelong gleam
 The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
 With charm of birds rejoicing in the beam,
 Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

Then at sad meditation's silent hour,
 A thousand wishes steal upon the heart;
 And, whilst they meekly bend to Heaven's high power,
 Ah! think 'tis hard, 'tis surely hard to part—

To part from every hope that brought delight,
 From those that lov'd them, those they lov'd so much.
 Then fancy swells the picture on the sight,
 And softens every scene at every touch.

Sweet as the mellow'd woods beneath the moon,
 Remembrance lends her soft uniting shades;
Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon:—
 The world retires, and its dim prospect fades!

Airs of delight, that soothe the aching sense;
 Waters of health, that through yon caverns glide;
 O kindly yet your healing powers dispense,
 And bring back feeble life's exhausted tide!

Some orphan maid, deceiv'd in early youth,
 Pale o'er yon spring may hang in mute distress;
 Who dreamt of faith, of happiness, and truth,
 Of love—that virtue would protect and bless.

Some musing youth in silence there may bend,
 Untimely stricken by sharp sorrow's dart;
 For friendship form'd, yet left without a friend,
 And bearing still the arrow at his heart.

And such was RUSSEL's melancholy doom,
 The gay companion of our stripling prime;
 Ev'n so he sunk unwept into the tomb,
 And o'er his head clos'd the dark gulph of time.

Hither he came,* a wan and weary guest,
 A softening balm for many a wound to crave;
 And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
 Which now seems smiling on his verdant grave!

* The Rev. THOMAS RUSSEL, Fellow of New-College, Oxford,
 Author of some ingenious Poems, died at the Hotwells, 1788, in the
 twenty-sixth year of his age.

He heard the whispering winds that now I hear,
 As, boding much, along these hills he pass'd;
 Yet, ah! how mournful did they meet his ear
 On that sad morn he heard them for the last!

So sinks the scene, like a departed dream,
 Since late we sojourn'd blythe in WYKEHAM'S
 bow'rs,†
 Or heard the merry bells by Isis' stream,
 And thought our way was strew'd with fairy
 flow'rs!

Of those with whom we play'd upon the lawn
 Of early life, in the fresh morning play'd;
 Alas! how many, since that vernal dawn,
 Like thee, poor RUSSEL, in the ground are laid.

Joyous awhile they wander'd hand in hand,
 By friendship led along the spring-tide plain!
 How oft did Fancy wake her transports bland,
 And on the lids the glist'ning tear detain!

† Winchester College.

I yet survive, now musing other song
 Than that which early pleas'd my vacant years;
 Thinking how days and hours have pass'd along,
 Mark'd by much pleasure some, and some by tears!

Thankful that to these verdant scenes I owe,
 That he* whom late I saw all drooping pale,
 Rais'd from the couch of sickness and of woe,
 Now lives with me their mantling views to hail.

Thankful, that still the landscape beaming bright,
 Of pendant mountain, or of woodland grey,
 Can wake the wonted sense of pure delight,
 And charm awhile my solitary way!

Enough:—Through the high heavens the proud sun
 rides,
 My wand'ring steps their silent path pursue
 Back to the crouded world where fortune guides:
 CLIFTON, to thy white rocks and woods adieu!

ON THE
DEATH
OF
HENRY HEADLEY,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.



ON THE
DEATH
OF
MR. HEADLEY.

TO every gentle Muse in vain allied,
In youth's full early morn EUGENIUS died!
Ah! long had sickness left her pining trace,
Rueful and wan, on each decaying grace;
Untimely sorrow touch'd his thoughtful mien,
Despair upon his fading smile was seen!
Yet Resignation, musing on the grave,
When now no hope could cheer, no pity save,
And Virtue, that scarce felt its fate severe,
And pale Affection, dropping soft a tear
For friends belov'd, from whom she soon must part,
Breath'd a sad solace on his aching heart.

Nor ceas'd he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
 The Muse's path his drooping steps beguil'd,
 Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
 Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;
 And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile
 Like flowers upon some long-forsaken pile.*

Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought
 Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought.
 When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,
 To hear the sweet bird's earliest song he hied;
 When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
 Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell,
 Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen
 The last that linger'd o'er the fading green.

The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclin'd,
 The murmuring water-fall, the winter's wind,
 His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,
 Like airs of sadness the responsive lute.

* Alluding to "Beauties of Ancient Poetry," by Mr. HEADLEY.

Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,
 Though from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled.
 Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
 And warm as Pity's his unheeded tear,
 That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
 By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.

Farewell!—yet be this humble tribute paid
 To all thy virtues, from that *social shade**
 Where once we sojourn'd.—I, alas! remain
 To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
 That fled neglected.—Wisely thou hast trod
 The better path; and that High Meed, which God
 Ordain'd for Virtue, towering from the dust,
 Shall bless thy labours, spirit! pure and just.

• Trinity College, Oxford.



For I have seen the world's great men,
Through their own hands, and their own feet,
I have seen the world's great men,
Through their own hands, and their own feet,
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Through their own hands, and their own feet,



V E R S E S

ON READING

MR. HOWARD'S

DESCRIPTION OF PRISONS, &c.

INSCRIBED TO THE

REV. J. WARTON,

MASTER OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

2 2 2 2 2

MR. HOWARD

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOOK



ON

MR. HOWARD'S

ACCOUNT OF LAZARETTOS.

MORTAL! who, arm'd with holy fortitude,
 The path of Good right onward hast pursu'd;
 May HE, to whose eternal throne on high
 The sufferers of the earth with anguish cry,
 Be thy protector! On that dreary road
 That leads thee patient to the last abode
 Of wretchedness; in peril and in pain,
 May He thy steps direct, thy heart sustain!
 ('Mid scenes, where pestilence in darkness flies;
 In caverns, where deserted misery lies;)
 So safe beneath his shadow thou may'st go,
 To cheer the dismal wastes of human woe.

Oh, CHARITY! our helpless nature's pride,
 Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,

Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
 That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
 Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
 Ought like the incense of thy holy flame?
 Is ought in all the beauties that adorn
 The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn?
 Is ought so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
 As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
 That falls, like saddest moonlight on the hill
 And distant grove, when the wide world is still?
 Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd
 Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
 Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan
 Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

But who for thee, O CHARITY! will bear
 Hardship, and cope with peril and with care?
 Who, for thy sake, will social sweets forego
 For scenes of sickness, and the sights of woe?
 Who, for thy sake, will seek the prison's gloom,
 Where ghastly guilt implores her ling'ring doom;
 Where penitence unpitied sits, and pale,
 That never told to human ears her tale;

Where agony, half-famish'd, cries in vain;
 Where dark despondence murmurs o'er her chain;
 Where sunk disease is wasted to the bone,
 And hollow-ey'd despair forgets to groan!

Approving Mercy marks the vast design,
 And proudly cries—"HOWARD, the task be thine!"

Already 'mid the darksome vaults profound,
 The caves, hid fathoms deep beneath the ground,
 Consoling hath thy tender look appear'd:
 In horror's realm the voice of peace is heard!

Be the sad scene disclos'd;—fearless unfold
 The grating door—the inmost cell behold!
 Thought shrinks from the dread sight; the paly lamp
 Burns faint amid th' infectious vapours damp;
 Beneath its light full many a livid mein,
 And haggard eye-ball, through the dusk are seen.
 In thought I see thee, at each hollow sound,
 With humid lids oft anxious gaze around.

But oh! for him, who, to yon vault confin'd,
 Has bid a long farewell to human kind;
 His wasted form, his cold and bloodless cheek,
 A tale of sadder sorrow seem to speak,
 Of friends, perhaps now mingled with the dead;
 Of hope, that like a faithless flatterer, fled
 In th' utmost hour of need; for of a son
 Cast to the bleak world's mercy; or of one
 Whose heart was broken, when the stern behest
 Tore him from pale affection's bleeding breast.
 Despairing, from his cold and flinty bed,
 With fearful muttering he hath rais'd his head:
 "What pitying spirit, what unwonted guest,
 "Strays to this last retreat, these shades unblest?
 "From life and light shut out, beneath this cell
 "Long have I bid hope's cheering sun farewell.
 "I heard for ever clos'd the jealous door,
 "I mark'd my bed on the forsaken floor,
 "I had no hope on earth, no human friend:
 "Let me unpitied to the dust descend!"
 Cold is his frozen heart—his eye is rear'd
 To heav'n no more—and on his sable beard

The tear has ceas'd to fall. Thou canst not bring
 Back to his mournful heart the morn of spring—
 Thou canst not bid the rose of health renew
 Upon his wasted cheek her crimson hue:
 But at thy look, (ere yet to hate resign'd,
 He murmurs his last curses on mankind)
 At thy kind look one tender thought shall rise,
 And his full soul shall thank thee ere he dies!

O ye, who list to pleasure's vacant song,
 As in her silken train ye troop along;
 Who, like rank cowards, from affliction fly,
 Or, whilst the precious hours of life pass by,
 Lie slumbering in the sun:—Awake, arise—
 To these instructive pictures turn your eyes,
 The awful view with other feelings scan,
 And learn from HOWARD what man owes to man!

These, Virtue! are thy triumphs, that adorn
 Fitliest our nature, and bespeak us born
 For loftier action; not to gaze and run
 From clime to clime; or batten in the sun,

Dragging a drony flight from flow'r to flow'r,
 Like summer insects in a gaudy hour;
 Nor yet o'er love-sick tales with fancy range,
 And cry—" *'Tis pitiful, 'tis passing strange!*"
 But on life's varied views to look around,
 And raise expiring sorrow from the ground:—
 And he—who thus hath borne his part assign'd
 In the sad fellowship of human kind,
 Or for a moment sooth'd the bitter pain
 Of a poor brother—has not liv'd in vain!

But 'tis not that Compassion should bestow
 An unavailing tear on want or woe:
 Lo! fairer order rises from thy plan,
 Befriending virtue, and adorning man.
 That Comfort cheers the dark abode of pain,
 Where wan disease oft cried for aid in vain;
 That Mercy soothes the hard behest of law;
 That Misery smiles upon her bed of straw;
 That the dark felon's clan, no more, combin'd,
 Murmur in murd'rous league against mankind;
 That to each cell, a mild yet mournful guest,
 Contrition comes, and stills the beating breast,

Whilst long-forgotten tears of virtue flow;
 Thou, generous friend of all!—to thee we owe!
 To Thee, that Pity sees her views expand
 To many a cheerless haunt, and distant land!
 Whilst warm Philanthropy extends her ray,
 Wide as the world, and general as the day!

HOWARD! I view those deeds, and think how vain
 The triumphs of weak man—the feeble strain,
 To Conquest's crimson car that Flattery sings
 Or deaf'ning shouts with which the round world
 rings!

From realm to realm bright-helm'd ambition hies
 Wide o'er the wasted earth—before him flies
 Affright, on pinions fleeter than the wind;
 And death and desolation fast behind,
 The pomp and havock of his march pursue:
 Fell is his brow—his steps are bath'd in dew
 Of bloodshed, and of tears;—but his proud name
 Shall perish—the loud clarion of his fame
 One day shall cease, and, wrapt in hideous gloom,
 Forgetfulness sit on his shapeless tomb!

But bear Thou fearless on:—the God of all,
 To whom th' afflicted kneel, the friendless call,
 From his high throne of mercy shall approve
 Thy holy deeds of mercy and of love:
 For when the vanities of life's brief day,
 Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
 Each act by Charity and Mercy done,
 High o'er the wrecks of time, shall live alone
 Immortal as the heav'ns, and beauteous bloom
 To other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.



THE

GRAVE OF HOWARD.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere* —————

VIRG.



THE
GRAVE OF HOWARD.

SPIRIT of Death! whose outstretch'd pennons dread
Wave o'er the world beneath their shadow spread,
Who darkly speedest on thy destin'd way,
'Mid shrieks, and cries, and sounds of dire dismay;
Spirit! behold thy victory—assume
A form more fearful, and an ampler plume;
For He, who, calm amidst thy host of woes,
Went forth thy wildest havock to oppose;
For He, who wander'd o'er the world alone,
List'ning to misery's universal moan;
He, who, sustain'd by virtue's arm sublime,
Tended the sick and poor from clime to clime;
Low in the dust is laid—thy noblest spoil;
And Mercy ceases from her awful toil!

'Twas where the pestilence at thy command
 Arose to desolate the sick'ning land,
 When many a mingled cry and dying pray'r
 Oft sounded to the list'ning midnight air,
 When deep dismay heard not the frequent knell,
 And the wan carcase fester'd as it fell:
 'Twas there, with holy virtue's awful mein,
 Amid the sad sights of that fearful scene,
 Calm he was found: the dews of death he dried;
 He spoke of comfort to the poor that cried;
 He watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath,
 Ere yet the languid sense was lost in death;
 And, with that look protecting angels wear,
 Hung o'er the dismal couch of pale despair!

Friend of mankind! thy righteous task is o'er;
 The heart of genuine pity beats no more.

Around the limits of this rolling sphere,
 Where'er the just and good thy tale shall hear,
 A tear shall fall: alone, amidst the gloom
 Of the still dungeon, his long sorrow's tomb,

The captive, mourning o'er his chain, shall bend,
To think the cold earth holds his only friend!—
He who with labour draws his wasting breath
On the forsaken silent bed of death,
Rememb'ring thy last look and anxious eye,
Shall gaze around, unvisited, and die!

Friend of mankind, farewell!—these tears we shed,
So nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed;
Yet we forget not, it was his high will,
Who saw thee virtue's arduous task fulfil,
Thy spirit from its toil at last should rest:—
So wills thy God, and what He wills is best!

Thou hast encounter'd dark disease's train,
Thou hast convers'd with poverty and pain,
Thou hast beheld the dreariest forms of woe,
That through this mournful vale unfriended go;
And pale with pity oft hast paus'd to hear
The saddest plaints e'er told to human ear.
Go then, the task fulfill'd, the trial o'er,
Where sickness, want, and pain, are known no more!

How awful did thy lonely track appear
Enlight'ning misery's benighted sphere!

As when an angel all-serene goes forth
To still the raging tempest of the North,
Th' embattled clouds that hid the struggling day
Slow from his face retire, in dark array;
On the black waves, like promontories hung,
A light, as of the orient morn, is flung,
Till blue and level heaves the silent brine,
And the new-lighted rocks at distance shine:
E'en so didst thou go forth with cheering eye,
Before thy look the shades of misery fly;
So didst thou hush the tempest, stilling wide
Of human woe the loud-lamenting tide.

Nor shall the spirit of those deeds expire,
As fades the feeble spark of vital fire,
But beam abroad, and cheer with lustre mild
Humanity's remotest prospects wild,
Till this frail orb shall from its sphere be hurl'd,
Till final ruin hush the murmuring world,

And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the Archangel's trump, be but as shadows past!

Relentless Time, that steals with silent tread,
Shall tear away the trophies of the dead;
Fame, on the pyramid's aspiring top,
With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
The feeble characters of Glory's hand
Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
But not with these expire the sacred flame
Of virtue, or the good man's awful name.

HOWARD! it matters not, that far away
From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay.
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
Thy steps were led through many a distant land,
Thy long and last abode should there be found,
Where many a savage nation prowls around;
That Virtue from the hallow'd spot might rise,
And pointing to the finish'd sacrifice,
Teach to the roving Tartar's sullen clan
Lessons of love, and higher aims of man.

The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
 Pale on thy grave shall drop his fault'ring spear;
 The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
 To bathe his burning faulchion deep in gore,
 Relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
 Or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
 New views of life, and wider charities.
 Far from the bleak Riphēan mountains hoar,
 From the cold Don, and Wolga's wand'ring shore,
 From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
 From many a dark-descending cataract,
 Succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place,
 Where sleeps the general friend of human race,
 Instruct their children what a debt they owe,
 Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
 Then bid them to their native woods depart,
 With new-born virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
 In hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,

Bent on the frontiers of th' Imperial Czar,
 To pour the tempest of vindictive war;
 If onward to those shores they haply steer
 Where, HOWARD, thy cold dust reposes near,
 Whilst o'er the wave the silken pennants stream,
 And seen far off the golden crescents gleam,
 Amid the pomp of war, the swelling breast
 Shall feel a still unwonted awe impress'd,
 And the relenting Pagan turn aside
 To think—on yonder shore the *Christian* died!

But thou, O Briton, doom'd perhaps to roam
 An exile many a year, and far from home,
 If ever fortune thy lone footsteps leads
 To the wild Nieper's banks, and whisp'ring reeds,
 O'er HOWARD'S Grave thou shalt impassion'd bend,
 As if to hold sad converse with a friend.
 Whate'er thy fate upon this various scene,
 Where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
 There shalt thou pause; and shutting from thy heart
 Some vain regrets, that oft unbidden start,
 Think upon him to every lot resign'd,
 Who wept, who toil'd, who perish'd for mankind.

For me, who musing, HOWARD, on thy fate,
 These pensive strains at evening meditate,
 I thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught
 To mend my heart, or animate my thought.
 I thank thee, HOWARD, for that awful view
 Of life which thou hast drawn, most sad, most true.
 Thou art no more! and the frail fading bloom
 Of this poor offering dies upon thy tomb;
 Beyond the transient sound of earthly praise,
 Thy virtues live, perhaps, in seraph's lays!
 I, borne in thought to the wild Nieper's wave,
 Sigh to the reeds that whisper o'er thy grave.



ON

SHAKESPEARE.

O Sovereign Master, who with lonely state
 Dost reign as in some isle's enchanted land,
 On whom soft airs and shadowy spirits wait,
 Whilst scenes of faerie rise at thy command!
 On thy wild shores forgetful could I lie,
 And list, 'till earth dissolv'd, to thy sweet minstrelsy!
 Call'd by thy magick from the hoary deep,
 Aërial forms should in bright troops ascend,
 And then a wond'rous mask before me sweep;
 Whilst sounds, *that the earth own'd not*, seem'd to
 blend
 Their stealing melodies, that when the strain
 Ceas'd, *I should weep, and would so dream again!*

The charm is wound: I see an aged form,
 In white robes, on the winding sea-shore stand;
 O'er the careering surge he waves his wand:
 Upon the black rock bursts the bidden storm.
 Now from bright-op'ning clouds I hear a lay,
Come to these yellow sands, fair stranger, come away.*

Saw ye pass by the weir'd sisters pale?†
 Mark'd ye the low'ring castle on the heath?
 Hark! hark! is the deed done? the deed of death!
 The deed is done:—hail, king of Scotland, hail!
 I see no more;—to many a fearful sound
 The bloody cauldron sinks, and all is dark around.

Pity! touch the trembling strings,
 A maid, a beauteous maniac, wildly sings.
 “They laid him in the ground so cold,‡
 “Upon his breast the earth was thrown;
 “High is heap'd the grassy mould,
 “*Ob! he is dead and gone.*
 “The winds of the winter blow o'er his cold breast,
 “But pleasant shall be his rest.”

* Ferdinand: see *The Tempest*. † See *Macbeth*. ‡ Ophelia: *Hamlet*.

The song is ceas'd; ah! who, pale shade! art thou,
 Sad-raving to the rude tempestuous night?
 Sure thou hast had much wrong, so stern thy brow;
 So piteous thou dost tear thy tresses white;
 So wildly thou dost cry, "*Blow, bitter wind,*
 "*Ye elements, I call not you unkind.*"*

Beneath the shade of nodding branches grey,
 'Mid rude romantick woods, and glens forlorn,
 The merry hunters wear the hours away;
 Rings the deep forest to the joyous horn!
 Joyous to all, but him,† who with sad look
 Hangs idly musing by the brawling brook.

But mark the merry elves of fairy land!‡
 In the cold moon's gleamy glance,
 They with shadowy morrice dance:
 Soft musick dies along the desert sand:
 Soon at peep of cold-ey'd day,
 Soon the numerous lights decay;
 Merrily, now merrily,
 After the dewy moon they fly.

* See *Lear*.

† Jaques: *As You Like it*.

‡ *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Let rosy Laughter now advance,
 And Wit with twinkling eie,
 Where quaint pow'rs lurking lie:
 Bright Fancy, the queen of the revels, shall dance,
 And point to her frolicksome train
 And antick forms that flit unnumber'd o'er the plain.

O sovereign master! at whose sole command
 We start with terror, or with pity weep;
 O! where is now thy all-creating wand?
 Buried ten thousand fathoms in the deep.
 The staff is broke, the powerful spell is fled,
 And never earthly guest shall in thy circle tread.



ABBA THULE.

[SEE HISTORY OF THE PELEW ISLANDS.]

I Climb the highest clift: I hear the sound
Of dashing waves; I gaze intent around:
I mark the sun that orient lifts his head:
I mark the sea's lone rule beneath him spread:
But not a speck can my long-straining eye
A shadow o'er the tossing waste descry,
That I might weep tears of delight, and say,
"It is the bark that bore my child away!"

Thou sun, that beamest bright, beneath whose eye
The worlds unknown, and out-stretch'd waters, lie,
Dost thou behold him now? On some rude shore,
Around whose crags the cheerless billows roar,
Watching th' unwearied surges doth he stand,
And think upon his father's distant land?

Or has his heart forgot, so far away,
 These native scenes, these rocks, and torrents grey,
 The tall bananas whispering to the breeze,
 The shores, the sound of these encircling seas,
 Heard from his infant days, and the pil'd heap
 Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?

Ah, me! 'till, sunk by sorrow, I shall dwell
 With them forgetful in the narrow cell:
 Never shall time from my fond heart efface
 His image: oft his shadow I shall trace
 Upon the glimmering waters, when on high
 The white moon wanders through the cloudless sky.
 Oft in my silent cave (when to its fire
 From the night's rushing tempest we retire)
 I shall behold his form, his aspect bland;
 I shall retrace his footsteps in the sand;
 And when the hollow-sounding surges swell,
 Still think I listen to his echoing shell.

Would I had perish'd ere that hapless day,
 When the tall vessel, in its trim array,

First rush'd upon the sounding surge, and bore
My age's comfort from the sheltering shore!
I saw it spread its white wings to the wind—
Too soon it left these hills and woods behind—
Gazing its course, I follow'd till mine eye
No longer could its distant track descry;
Till on the confines of the billows hoar
Awhile it hung, and then was seen no more;
And only the blue hollow heav'n I spied,
And the long waste of waters tossing wide.

More mournful then each falling surge I heard,
Then dropt the stagnant tear upon my beard.
Methought the wild waves said, amidst their roar
At midnight, "Thou shalt see thy son no more!"

Now thrice twelve moons thro' the 'mid heav'ns
have roll'd,
And many a dawn, and slow night, have I told;
And still, as every weary day goes by,
A knot recording on my line I tie;
But never more, emerging from the main,
I see the stranger's bark approach again.

Has the fell storm o'erwhelm'd him? Has its sweep
Buried the bounding vessel in the deep?
Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain?
Upon his father did he call in vain?
Have pitiless and bloody tribes defil'd
The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child!

Oh! I shall never, never hear his voice;
The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice;
But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn!

The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,
O'er all the beach now stream the busy croud;
Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove;
The fisher carols in the winding cove;
And light canoes along the lucid tide
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide.
I linger on the desert rock alone,
Heartless, and cry for thee, my Son, my Son!

WRITTEN

AT SOUTHAMPTON.

SMOOTH went our boat upon the summer seas,
 Leaving (for so it seem'd) the world behind,
 Its sounds of mingled uproar: we, reclin'd
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
 That o'er us whispering pass'd, or idly play'd
 With the lithe flag aloft. A woodland scene
 On either side drew its slope line of green,
 And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
 Above the woods, NETLEY! thy ruins pale
 Peer'd, as we pass'd; and VECTA's* azure hue
 Beyond the misty castle† met the view;
 Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
 So all was calm and sunshine as we went
 Cheerly o'er the briny element.

• Isle of Wight.

† Kelshot Castle.

Oh! were this little boat to us the world,
 As thus we wander'd far from sounds of care,
 Circled with friends and gentle maidens fair,
 Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curl'd;
 How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
 We gain'd that haven still, where all things cease!



V E R S E S
ON THE
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION
OF THE
PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,
FOR PROTECTING AND EDUCATING THE
CHILDREN OF VAGRANTS AND CRIMINALS.

Because I delivered the Poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to
help him : The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me.

Job xxix. 13, 14.

PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY
OF THE
RENEWAL INSTITUTION

BRITISH
2 FEB 77



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The PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY was instituted in September 1788, for the Prevention of Crimes, by seeking out, and training up to virtue and industry, the Children of the most abject and criminal among the vagrant and profligate Poor; by these means more effectually to alleviate human misery, and to oppose the progress of vice.

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The PAN-ANTHROPIC SOCIETY was instituted in September 1788, for the Prevention of Crime, by teaching and training up to virtue and industry, the Children of the most abject and criminal among the wretched and profane Poor, by these means more effectually to alleviate human misery, and to oppose the progress of vice.

V E R S E S

INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS,

AND OTHER PROMOTERS OF

THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

WHEN Want, with wasted mein and haggard eye,
 Retires in silence to her cell to die;
 When o'er her child she hangs with speechless dread,
 Faint, and despairing of to-morrow's bread;
 Who shall approach to bid the conflict cease,
 And to her parting spirit whisper peace?
 Who thee, poor infant, that with aspect bland
 Dost stretch forth innocent thy helpless hand,
 Shall pitying then protect, when thou art thrown
 On the world's waste, unfriended and alone?

Oh! hapless Infancy, if aught could move
 The hardest heart to pity and to love,
 'Twere surely found in thee: dim passions mark
 Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dark
 The stealing line of sorrow; but thine eye
 Wears not distrust, or grief, or perfidy:—
 Though fortune's storms with dismal shadow low'r,
 Thy heart nor fears, nor feels, the bitter show'r:—
 Thy tear is soon forgotten,—thou wilt weep,
 And then the murmuring winds will hush thy sleep,
 As 'twere with some sad musick,—and thy smiles,
 Unlike to those that mask oft cruel wiles,
 Plead best thy speechless innocence, and lend
 A charm might win the world to be thy friend!

But thou art oft abandon'd in thy smiles,
 And early vice thy easy heart beguiles.
 O for some voice, that of the secret maze,
 Where the grim passions lurk; the winding ways
 That lead to sin, and ruth, and deep lament;
 Might haply warn thee; whilst yet innocent,
 And beauteous as the spring-time, o'er the hills
 Advancing, when each vale glad musick fills!

Else lost and wand'ring, the benighted mind
 No spot of rest again shall ever find:
 Then the sweet smiles, that erst enchanting laid
 Their magick beauty on thy look, shall fade:
 Then the bird's warbled song no more shall cheer
 With morning musick thy delighted ear:
 Fell thoughts and muttering passions shall awake,
 And the fair rose the sullied cheek forsake!—

As when still Autumn's gradual gloom is laid
 Far o'er the fading forest's sadden'd shade,
 A mournful gleam illumines the cold hill,
 Yet palely wand'ring o'er the distant rill;
 But when the hollow gust, slow rising, raves,
 And high the pine on yon lone summit waves,
 Each milder charm, like pictures of a dream,
 Is perish'd, mute the birds, and dark the stream;
 Scuds the drear sleet upon the whirlwind borne,
 And scowls the landscape clouded and forlorn!—

So fades, so perishes, frail virtue's hue:—
 Her last and lingering smile seems but to rue,

Like autumn, every summer beauty reft,
 'Till all is dark and to the winter left.
 Yet spring, with living touch, shall paint again
 The green-leav'd forest, and the purple plain;
 With mingling melody the woods shall ring,
 The whisp'ring breeze its long-lost incense fling:
 But, Innocence! when once thy tender flower
 The sickly taint has touch'd, where is that power
 That shall bring back its fragrance, or restore
 The tints of loveliness, that shine no more?

How then for thee, who pinest in life's gloom,
 Abandon'd child! shall hope or virtue bloom?
 For thee, expos'd amid the desert drear,
 Which no glad gales or vernal sunbeams cheer?

Though some there are, who lift their head sublime,
 Nor heed the transient storms of fate or time;
 Too oft, alas! beneath unfriendly skies,
 The tender blossom shrinks its leaves, and dies!

Go, struggle with thy fate, pursue thy way,
 Though thou art poor, the world around is gay.

Thou hast no bread; but on thy aching sight
 Proud luxury's pavillions glitter bright;
 In thy cold ear the song of gladness swells,
 Whilst vacant folly chimes her tinkling bells:
 The careless croud prolong their hollow glee,
 Nor one relenting bosom thinks of thee.

Will not the indignant spirit then rebel,
 And the dark tide of passions fearful swell?
 Will not despight, perhaps, or bitter need,
 Urge then thy temper to some direful deed?
 Pale guilt shall call thee to her ghastly band,
 Or murder welcome thee with reeking hand!
 Oh! wretched state, where our best feelings lie
 Deep sunk in sullen, hopeless apathy!
 Or wakeful cares, or gloomy terrors, start,
 And night and tempest mingle on the heart!

All mournful to the pensive sage's eye,
 The monuments of human glory lie—
 Fall'n palaces, crush'd by the ruthless haste
 Of time, and many an empire's silent waste,

Where midst the vale of long-departed years
 The form of desolation dim appears,
 Pointing to the wild plain with ruins spread,
 The wrecks of age, and records of the dead:
 But where a sight shall shudd'ring sorrow find,
 Sad as the ruins of the human mind?—
 As man, by his GREAT MAKER rais'd sublime
 Amid the universe, ordain'd to climb
 The arduous height, where virtue sits serene;
 As man, the high lord of this nether scene,
 So fall'n, so lost!—his noblest boast destroy'd,
 His sweet affections left a piteous void!

But oh, sweet CHARITY! what sounds were those
 That met the list'ning ear? Soft as the close
 Of distant musick, when the hum of day
 Is hush'd, and dying gales the airs convey!
 “Come, hapless Orphans,” meek Compassion cried,
 “Where'er, unshelter'd outcasts, ye abide
 “The bitter-driving wind, the freezing sky,
 “*The oppressor's scourge, the proud man's contumely;*
 “Come, hapless Orphans! ye who never saw
 “A tear of kindness shed on your cold straw;

- " Who never met with joy the morning light,
 " Or lisp'd your little pray'r of peace at night;
 " Come, hapless Orphans! nor, when youth should
 " spring
 " Soaring aloft, as on an eagle's wing,
 " Shall ye forsaken on the ground be left,
 " Of hope, of virtue, and of peace bereft!
 " Far from the spring-tide gale, and joyous day,
 " In the deep caverns of Despair ye lay:
 " She, iron-hearted mother, never press'd
 " Your wasted forms with transport to her breast;
 " When none o'er all the world your 'plaint would
 " hear,
 " She never kiss'd away the falling tear,
 " Or fondly smil'd, forgetful, to behold
 " Some infant grace its early charm unfold!
 " She ne'er, with mingling hopes and rising fears,
 " Sigh'd for the fortune of your future years;
 " Or saw you hand in hand rejoicing stray
 " Beneath the morning sun, on youth's delightful
 " way.
 " But happier scenes invite, and fairer skies,
 " From your dark bed, children of woe, arise!"

In caves where peace ne'er smil'd, where joy ne'er
 came,
 Where friendship's eye ne'er glisten'd at the name
 Of one she lov'd, where famine and despair
 Sat silent 'mid the damp and lurid air,
 The soothing voice is heard; a beam of light
 Is cast upon their features sunk and white;
 With trembling joy they catch the stealing sound;
 Their famish'd little ones come smiling round.

Sweet Infancy! whom all the world forsook,
 Thou hast put on again thy cherub look:
 Guilt, shrinking at the sight, in deep dismay
 Flies cowering, and resigns his wonted prey.

But who is she in garb of misery clad,
 Yet of less vulgar mien?—a look so sad
 The mourning maniac wears—so wild, yet meek:
 A beam of joy now wanders o'er her cheek,
 The pale eye visiting: it leaves it soon,
 As fade the dewy glances of the moon
 Upon some wand'ring cloud, while slow the ray
 Retires, and leaves more dark the heav'n's wide way

Lost mother, early doom'd to guilt and shame,
 Whose friends of youth now sigh not o'er thy name,
 Heavy has sorrow fall'n upon thy head,
 Yet think—one hope remains when thou art dead,
 Thy houseless child, thy only little one,
 Shall not look round, defenceless and alone,
 For one to guide her youth—nor with dismay
 Each stranger's cold, unfeeling look survey!
 She shall not now be left a prey to shame,
 Whilst slow disease preys on her faded frame;
 Nor, when the bloom of innocence is fled,
 Thus fainting bow her unprotected head!
 Oh, she shall live, and piety and truth,
 The loveliest ornaments, shall grace her youth!
 And should her eye with softest lustre shine,
 And should she wear such smiles as once were thine,
 The smiles of peace and virtue they shall prove,
 Blessing the calm abode of faithful love!

For you,* who thus, by pure compassion taught,
 Have wept o'er human sorrows;—who have sought
 Want's dismal cell, and pale as from the dead
 To life and light the speechless Orphan led;

* The promoters of the charity.

Trust that the deed, in mercy's book enroll'd,
Approving spirits of the just behold!

Meanwhile, new virtues here, as on the wing
Of morn, from Sorrow's dreary shades shall spring:
Young Modesty, with fair untainted bloom;
And Industry, that sings beside her loom;
And ruddy Labour, issuing from his hatch
Ere the slant sunbeam strikes the lowly thatch;
And sweet Contentment smiling on a rock,
Like Alpine shepherdess beside her flock;
And tender Love, that hastes with myrtle-braid
To bind the tresses of the favour'd maid;
And Piety, with unclasp'd holy book,
Lifting to heav'n her mildly-beaming look:
These village virtues on the plain shall throng,
And ALBION's hills resound a cheerful song;
Whilst Charity, with dewy eye-lids bland,
Leading a lisping infant in her hand,
Shall bend at pure Religion's holy shrine,
And say, "These children, God of love, are thine!"



THE
AFRICAN.



FAINT-gazing on the burning orb of day,
When Afric's injur'd son expiring lay,
His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,
His dewy temples, and his sable hair,
His poor companions kiss'd, and cried aloud,
Rejoicing, whilst his head in peace he bow'd:—

“ Now thy long, long task is done,
“ Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
“ Ere to-morrow's golden beam
“ Glitters on thy parent-stream,
“ Swiftly the delights to share,
“ The feast of joy which waits thee there:
“ Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride
“ O'er the long and stormy tide,

" Fleeter than the hurricane,
 " Till thou view those scenes again,
 " Where thy father's hut was rear'd,
 " Where thy mother's voice was heard;
 " Where thy infant brothers play'd
 " Beneath the fragrant citron's shade;
 " Where through green savannahs wide
 " Cooling rivers silent glide,
 " Or the shrill sigarras sing
 " Ceaseless to their murmuring;
 " Where the dance, the festive song,
 " Of many a friend divided long,
 " Doom'd through stranger lands to roam,
 " Shall bid thy spirit welcome home!

" Fearless o'er the foaming tide
 " Again thy light canoe shall ride;
 " Fearless on th' embattled plain
 " Thou shalt lift thy lance again;
 " Or, starting at the call of morn,
 " Wake the wild woods with thy horn;
 " Or, rushing down the mountain-slope,
 " O'ertake the nimble antelope;

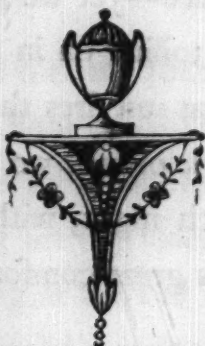
“ Or lead the dance, ’mid blissful bands,
“ On cool Andraçte’s yellow sands;
“ Or, in th’ embow’ring orange grove,
“ Tell to thy long-forsaken love
“ The wounds, the agony severe,
“ Thy patient spirit suffer’d here!

“ Fear not now the tyrant’s power—
“ Past is his insulting hour—
“ Mark no more the sullen trait
“ On slavery’s brow of scorn and hate;
“ Hear no more the long sigh borne
“ Murmuring on the gales of morn!

“ Go in peace—yet we remain
“ Far distant, toiling on in pain;
“ Ere the great sun fires the skies
“ To our work of woe we rise;
“ And see each night, without a friend,
“ The world’s great comforter descend!

“ Tell our brethren, where ye meet,
“ Thus we toil with weary feet;

" Yet tell them that love's gen'rous flame,
 " In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
 " In distant worlds was ne'er forgot—
 " And tell them that we murmur not—
 " Tell them, though the pang will start,
 " And drain the life-blood from the heart—
 " Tell them, generous shame forbids
 " The tear to stain our burning lids!
 " Tell them, in weariness and want
 " For our native hills we pant,
 " Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,
 " We hope in death to follow thee."



THE
AMERICAN INDIAN's SONG.

STRANGER, stay, nor wish to climb
The heights of yonder hills sublime;
For there strange shapes and spirits dwell,*
That oft the murmuring thunders swell,
Of power from the impending steep
To hurl thee headlong to the deep!
But secure with us abide,
By the winding river's side;
Our gladsome toil, our pleasures share,
And think not of a world of care.

The lonely cayman,† where he feeds
Among the green high-bending reeds,
Shall yield thee pastime; thy keen dart
Through his bright scales shall pierce his heart.

* The Indians believe some of their high mountains to be inhabited by supernatural beings.—† Cayman—the Alligator.

Home returning from our toils,
Thou shalt bear the tyger's spoils;
And we will sing our loudest strain
O'er the forest-tyrant slain!

Sometimes thou shalt pause to hear
The beauteous cardinal sing clear,
Where hoary oaks, by time decay'd,
Nod in the deep wood's pathless glade;
And the sun with bursting ray
Quivers on the branches grey.

By the river's craggy banks,
O'erhung with stately cypress-ranks,
Where the bush-bee* hums his song,
Thy trim canoe shall graze along.

To-night at least, in this retreat,
Stranger, rest thy wand'ring feet;
To-morrow, with unerring bow,
To the deep thickets fearless we will go.

* The bush-bee hives on shrubs and low trees.

MONODY

WRITTEN

AT MATLOCK.



MONODY

WRITTEN

AT MATLOCK.

MATLOCK, amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequester'd, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken cragg all dark o'erlooks,
Once more I meet the long-neglected Muse,
As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary WENSBECK, or the side
Of CLYSDALE's cliffs, where first her voice she tried,
We wander'd in our youth.—Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chill'd her breast,
And much, as much they might, her wing depress'd—
Wan Indolence, resign'd, her dead'ning hand
Laid on her heart, and Fancy her cold wand
Dropp'd at the frown of fortune; yet once more
I call her, and once more her converse sweet,

'Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
 I woo;—if yet delightful as of yore
 My heart she may revisit, nor deny
 The soothing aid of some sweet melody!

I hail the rugged scene that bursts around—
 I mark the wreathed roots, the saplings grey,
 That bend o'er the dark DERWENT's wand'ring
 way;

I mark it's stream, with peace-persuading sound,
 That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
 Or, at the foot of frowning craggs uprear'd,
 Complains like one forsaken and unhear'd.—
 To me it seems to tell the pensive tale
 Of spring-time, and the summer days all flown—
 And while sad Autumn's voice e'en now I hear
 Along the umbrage of the high wood moan,
 At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sear;
 Whilst o'er the group of pendant groves I view
 The slowly-spreading tints of pining hue,
 I think of poor Humanity's brief day,
 How fast it's blossoms fade, it's summers speed
 away.

When first young Hope, a golden-tressed boy,
 Most musical his early madrigal
 Sings to the whispering waters as they fall,
 Breathing fresh airs of fragrance and of joy,
 The wild woods gently wave—the morning sheds
 Her rising radiance on the mountain-heads—
 Strew'd with green isles appears old Ocean's reign,
 And seen at distance rays of resting light
 Silver the farthest promontory's height:
 'Then hush'd is the long murmur of the main,
 Whilst silent o'er the slowly-crisping tides,
 Bound to some beaming spot, the bark of pleasure
 glides.

Alas! the scenes that smile, in light array'd,
 But catch the sense, and then in darkness fade,

We, poor adventurers, of peace bereft,
 Look back on the green hills which late we left,
 Or turn, with beating breast and anxious eye,
 To some faint hope that glimm'ring meets our sight,
 (Like the lone watch-tow'r in the storm of night)
 Then on the dismal waste are driv'n despairing by!

Meantime, amid the landscape cold and mute,
 Hope, sweet enchanter, sighing drops his lute:
 So sad decay and mortal change succeeds,
 And o'er the silent scene Time, like a giant, speeds!

Yet the bleak cliffs so high
 (Around whose beetling craggs, with ceaseless coil,
 And still-returning flight, the ravens toil)
 Heed not the changeful seasons as they fly,
 Nor spring, nor autumn: they their hoary brow
 Uplift, and ages past, as in this Now,
 The same deep trenches unsubdued have worn,
 The same majestick frown, and looks of lofty scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailed warrior old,
 Appears: he lifts his scar-intrenched crest:
 The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast:
 He hears far off the storm of havock roll'd:
 The feeble fall around: their sound is past:
 Their sun is set: their place no more is known:
 Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast,
 They perish:—He unshaken and alone

Remains—his brow a sterner shade assumes,
By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane,
That raves resistless o'er the ravag'd plain,
But shakes unfelt his helmet's quiv'ring plumes.

So yonder sov'reign* of the scene I mark
Above the woods rear his majestick head,
That soon all shatter'd at his feet shall shed
Their short-liv'd beauties—he the winter dark
Regardless, and the wasteful time that flies,
Rejoicing in his lonely might, defies.

Thee, wandering in the deep and craggy dell,
Sequester'd stream, with other thoughts I view:
Thou dost in solitude thy course pursue,
As thou hadst bid life's busy scenes farewell,
Yet making still such musick as might cheer
The weary passenger that journey's near.

Such are the songs of Peace in Virtue's shade,
Unheard of Folly, or the vacant train

* Matlock High Tor.

That pipe and dance upon the noon-tide plain,
 Till in the dust together they are laid!
 But not unheard of Him, who sits sublime
 Above the clouds of this tempestuous clime,
 It's stir and strife; to whom more grateful rise
 The humble incense, and the still small voice
 Of those that on their pensive way rejoice,
 Than shouts of thousands echoing to the skies,
 Than songs of conquest pealing round the car
 Of hard Ambition, or the Fiend of War,
 Sated with slaughter.—Nor may I, sweet stream,
 From thy wild banks and still retreats depart,
 (Where now I meditate my casual theme)
 Without some mild improvement on my heart
 Pour'd sad, yet pleasing: so may I forget
 The crosses and the cares that sometimes fret
 Life's smoothest channel, and each wish prevent
 That marrs the silent current of content!

In such a spot, amidst these rugged views,
 The pensive poet in his drooping age
 Might wish to place his reed-roof'd hermitage—
 Where much on life's vain shadows he might muse!

If fortune smil'd not on his early way,
 If he were doom'd to mourn a faithless friend,
 Here he might rest, and, when his hairs were grey,
 Behold in peace the parting day descend:
 If a hard world his errors scann'd severe,
 (When late the earth receiv'd his mould'ring clay)
 Perhaps some lov'd companion wand'ring near,
 Plucking the grey moss from the stone, might say,
 " Him I remember in our careless days
 " Vacant and glad, till many a loss severe
 " First hung his placid eyelids with a tear;
 " Yet on such visions ardent would he gaze,
 " As the muse lov'd, which oft would smile and die
 " Like the faint bow that leaves the weeping sky—
 " His heart unguarded, yet it proudly beat
 " Against hard wrong, or coward cold deceit;
 " Nor pass'd he e'er, without a sigh, the cell
 " Where wretchedness and her pale children dwell.
 " He never wish'd to win the world's cold ear,
 " Nor, known to those he lov'd, it's blame could
 " fear;
 " It's praise he left to those, who, at their will,
 " Th' ingenious strain of torturing art could trill!

"Content, as random fancies might inspire,
 "If his weak reed, at times, or plaintive lyre,
 "He touch'd with desultory hand, and drew
 "Some soften'd tones, to nature not untrue."

The leaves, O DERWENT! on thy bosom still
 Oft with the gust now fall—the season pale
 Hath smote with hand unseen the silent vale,
 And slowly steals the verdure from the hill—
 So the fair scene departs, yet wears awhile
 The lingering traces of its beauteous smile:
 But we who by thy margin stray, or climb
 The cliff's ærial height, or join the song
 Of hope and gladness amidst yonder throng,
 (" *Losing the brief and fleeting hours of time,*")
 Reck not how age, ev'n thus, with icy hand
 Hangs o'er us—how, as with a wizard's wand,
 Youth blooming like the spring, and roseate mirth,
 To slow and sear consumption he shall change,
 And with invisible mutation strange,
 Wither'd and wasted send them to the earth,
 Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
 Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment!

Bright bursts the sun upon the shaggy scene;
 The aged rocks their glittering summits grey
 Hang beautiful amid the beams of day,
 And all the woods, with slowly-fading green,
 Yet smiling wave:—severer thoughts, away!
 The night is distant, and the lovely day
 Looks on us yet—the sound of mirthful cheer
 From yonder dome comes pleasant to mine ear.
 From rock to rock reverberated swells—
 Hark!—the glad musick of the village bells:
 On the cragg's naked point the heifer lows,
 And wide below the bright'ning landscape glows!

Tho' brief the time, and short our course to run,
 DERWENT! amid the scenes that deck thy side,
 (Ere yet the parting paths of life divide)
 Let us rejoice, seeking what may be won
 From the laborious day, or fortune's frown:
 Here may we, ere the sun of life goes down,
 Awhile regardless of the morrow dwell;
 Then to our destin'd roads, and speed us well!

VERSES
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
EDMUND BURKE,
ON HIS
REFLECTIONS
ON THE
REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

VERSUS

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

EDMUND BURKE



REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

TO

MR. BURKE.

WHY mourns th' ingenuous moralist, whose mind
Science has stor'd, and piety refin'd,
That fading Chivalry displays no more
Her pomp, and stately tournaments of yore?
Lo! when Philosophy and Truth advance,
Scar'd at their frown, she drops her glittering lance;
Round her reft castles the pale ivy crawls,
And sunk and silent are her banner'd halls!

As when far off the golden evening sails,
And slowly sink the fancy-painted vales,
With rich pavilions spread in long array;
So rolls the enchanter's radiant realm away;
So on the sight the parting glories fade,
The gorgeous vision sets in endless shade.

But shall the musing sage for this lament,
 Or mourn the wizard's Gothick fabrick rent?
 Shall he, with Fancy's poor and pensive child,
 Gaze on his shadowy vales, and prospects wild,
 With ling'ring love, and sighing bid farewell
 To the dim pictures of his parting spell?

No, BURKE! thy heart, by juster feelings led,
 Mourns for the spirit of bright Honour fled:
 Mourns that opinion's fondly-cherish'd train,
 Neglected and despis'd, should leave the plain;
 And many a smiling sympathy depart,
 That charm'd the road of life, or grac'd the manly
 heart.

Nor shall the wise and virtuous scan severe
 These fair illusions, to weak nature dear.
 Though now no more proud Chivalry recalls
 Her tourneys bright, and pealing festivals;
 Though now on high her idle spear is hung,
 Though time her mould'ring harp has half unstrung;
 Her milder influence shall she still impart
 To decorate, but not disguise the heart;

To nurse the tender sympathies that play
 In the short sunshine of life's early way;
 For female worth and meekness, to inspire
 Homage and love, and temper rude desire;
 Nor seldom with sweet dreams sad thoughts to cheer,
 And half beguile affliction of her tear!

Lo! this her boast; and still, O BURKE! be thine
 Her glowing hues that warm, yet temper'd shine:
 Whilst whispers bland, and fairest dreams, attend
 Thy evening path till the last shades descend!
 So may she soothe, with loftier wisdom's aid,
 Thy musing leisure in the silent shade,
 And bid poor Fancy her cold pinions wet,
 Life's cloudy skies and beating show'rs forget.
 But can her fairest form, her sweetest song,
 Soothe thee, assail'd by calumny and wrong?
 Ev'n now thy foes with louder accent cry,
 "Champion of unrelenting tyranny,
 "At Freedom hast thou aim'd the deadly blow,
 "And strove with impious arm to lay her altars
 "low!"

No, BURKE! indignant at the voice we start:
 We trust thy liberal views, thy generous heart:
 We think of those who, naked, pale, and poor,
 Reliev'd and bless'd, have wander'd from thy door:
 We see thee with unwearied step explore
 Each track of bloodshed on the farthest shore
 Of injur'd Asia, and thy swelling breast
 Harrowing the oppressor, mourning for the oppress'd.

No, BURKE! where'er injustice rears her head,
 Where'er with blood her idol grim is fed,
 Where'er fell cruelty at her command
 With crimson banner marches through the land;
 And striding, like a giant, onward hies,
 Whilst man, a trodden worm, looks up, and dies;
 Where'er pale murder in her train appears
 With reeking axe, and garments wet with tears;
 Or low'ring jealousy, unmov'd as fate,
 Bars fast the prison-cage's iron gate,
 Upon the buried sorrows and the cries
 Of him who there, lost and forgotten, lies:
 When ministers like these, in fearful state,
 Upon a bloody tyrant's bidding wait,

Thou too shalt own (and justice lift her rod)
The cause of Freedom is the cause of God!

Fair Spirit! who dost rise in beauteous pride,
Where proud oppression hath thine arm defied;
When led by virtue thou dost firm advance,
And bathe in guilt's warm blood thy burning lance;
When all thy form its awful port assumes,
And in the tempest shake thy crimson plumes,
I mark thy lofty mien, thy steady eye,
"SO FALL THY FOES!" with tears of joy, I cry.

But ne'er may Anarchy, with eyes on flame,
And mien distract, assume thy awful name.
Her pale torch sheds afar its hideous glare,
And shews the blood-drops in her dabbled hair;
The fiends of discord hear her hollow voice,
The spirits of the deathful storm rejoice:
As when the rising blast with muttering sweep
Sounds 'mid the branches of the forest deep,
The sad horizon lowers, the parting sun
Is hid, strange murmurs through the high wood run,

The falcon wheels away his mournful flight,
 And leaves the glens to solitude and night;
 Till soon the hurricane, in dismal shroud,
 Comes fearful forth, and sounds her conch aloud;
 The oak majestick bows his aged head,
 And ruin round his ancient reign is spread:
 So the dark fiend, rejoicing in her might,
 Pours desolation and the storm of night;
 Before her dread career the good and just
 Fly far, or sink expiring in the dust;
 Wide wastes and mighty wrecks around her lie,
 And the earth trembles at her impious cry!

Whether her temple, wet with human gore,
 She thus may raise on *Gallia's* ravag'd shore,
 Belongs to Him alone, and His high will,
 Who bids the tempests of the world be still.*

With joy we turn to *Albion's* happier plain,
 Where ancient freedom holds her temperate reign;

* These lines were written before the murder of the late King of France, and many of the events of horror which have since taken place in that miserable country.

Where justice sits majestick on her throne;
 Where mercy turns her ear to every groan!
 O *Albion!* fairest isle, whose verdant plain
 Springs beauteous from the blue and billowy main;
 In peaceful pomp whose glitt'ring cities rise,
 And lift their crouded temples to the skies;
 Whose navy on the broad brine awful rolls;
 Whose commerce glows beneath the distant poles;
 Whose streams reflect full many an Attick pile;
 Whose velvet lawns in long luxuriance smile;
 Amid whose winding coombs contentment dwells,
 Whose vales rejoice to hear the sabbath bells;
 Whose humblest shed, that steady laws protect,
 The villager with woodbine bow'rs hath deck'd.
 Sweet native land! whose every haunt is dear,
 Whose ev'ry gale is musick to mine ear;
 Amidst whose hills one poor retreat I sought,
 Where I might sometimes hide a sadd'ning thought,
 And having wander'd far, and mark'd mankind
 In their vain mask, might rest and safety find.
 Oh! still may freedom with majestick mien
 Pacing thy rocks and the green vales be seen!

Around thy cliffs, that glitter o'er the main,
 May smiling order wind her silver chain;
 Whilst from thy calm abodes, and azure skies,
 Far off the fiend of discord murmuring flies!

To Him, who firm thy injur'd cause has fought,
 This humble offering, lo! the Muse has brought:
 Nor heed thou, BURKE! if, with averted eye
 Scowling, cold envy may thy worth decry.

It is the lot of man:—the best oft mourn,
 As sad they journey through this cloudy bourne:
 If conscious genius stamp their chosen breast,
 And on the forehead shew her seal imprest,
 Perhaps they mourn, in bleak misfortune's shade,
 Their age and cares with penury repaid;
 Their errors deeply scann'd, their worth forgot,
 Or mark'd by hard injustice with a blot.
 If high they soar, and keep their distant way,
 And spread their ample pinions to the day,
 Malignant faction hears with hate their name,
 And all her tongues are busy at their fame.

But 'tis enough to hold, as best we may,
 Our destin'd track till sets the closing day;
 Whether with living lustre we adorn
 Our high sphere, like the radiance of the morn;
 Or, whether silent in the shade we move,
 Cheer'd by the lonely star of pensive love;
 Or, whether dark-opposing storms we stem,
 Panting for virtue's distant diadem;
 'Tis the unshaken mind, the conscience pure,
 That bids us firmly act, or meek endure;
 'Tis this might shield us when the storm beat hard,
 Content, though poor, had we no other guard!*

• Milton.



ON LEAVING

A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

IF I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell
 Without a sigh, amidst whose circling bow'rs
 My stripling prime was pass'd, and happiest hours,
 Dead were I to the sympathies that swell
 The human breast! These woods, that whispering
 wave,
 My father rear'd and nurs'd, now to the grave
 Gone down; he lov'd their peaceful shades, and said
 Perhaps, as here he mus'd, " Live, laurels green;
 " Ye pines, that shade the solitary scene,
 " Live blooming and rejoice: when I am dead
 " My son shall guard you, and amid your bow'rs,
 " Like me, find shelter from life's beating show'rs."

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear;
 And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,
 A stranger shall possess the lov'd domain,
 In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.
 But these are shadows of the shaping brain
 That now my heart, alas! can ill sustain—
 We must forget—the world is wide—th' abode
 Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road.
 It boots not, so, to every chance resign'd,
 Where'er the spot we bear th' unalter'd mind.
 Yet, oh! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade,
 Remember, ere I left your coverts green,
 Where in my youth I mus'd, in childhood play'd,
 I gaz'd, I paus'd, I dropp'd a tear unseen,
 (That bitter from the fount of memory fell)
 Thinking on him who rear'd you—Now, farewell!



Elegiac Stanzas,

WRITTEN

DURING SICKNESS AT BATH,

DECEMBER 1795.

QUO DESIDERIO VETERES REVOCAMUS AMORES,
ATQUE OLIM AMISSAS FLEMUS AMICITIAS!

CATULLUS.



Elegiac Stanzas.

WHEN I lye musing on my bed alone,
 And listen to the wintry waterfall;*
 And many moments that are past and gone,
 (Moments of sunshine and of joy) recall;

 Though the long night is dark and damp around,
 And no still star hangs out its friendly flame;
 And the winds sweep the sash with sullen sound,
 And freezing palsy creeps o'er all my frame;

* The fall of the river, heard from the Parade.

I catch consoling phantasies that spring
 From the thick gloom, and as the night-airs beat,
 They touch my heart, like the wild wires† that ring
 In mournful modulations, strange and sweet.

Was it the voice of thee, my buried friend?
 Was it the whisper'd vow of faithful love?
 Do I in ***** green shades thy steps attend,
 And hear the high pines murmur thus above?

'Twas not thy voice, my buried friend!—O no:
 'Twas not, O *****, the murmur of thy trees;
 But at the thought I feel my bosom glow,
 And woo the dream whose air-drawn shadows
 please.

And I can think I see the groves again,
 The larches that yon peaceful roof embow'r,
 The airy down, the cattle-speckl'd plain,
 And the grey sunshine on the village tow'r.

† The Æolian Harp.

And I can think I hear its sabbath chime
 Come smoothly soften'd down the woody vale;
 Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
 Fast whirling in the wind, the white mill's sail.

Phantom! that by my bed dost beck'ning glide;
 Spectre of Death! to the damp charnel hie;
 Thy dim pale hand, thy fest'ring visage, hide:
 Thou com'st to say, "*I with thy worms shall lie!*"

Thou com'st to say, that my once-vacant mind
 Amid those scenes shall never more rejoice;
 Nor on the day of rest the hoary hind
 Bend o'er his staff, attentive to my voice!

Why thou hast visited that pleasant place,
 Where in this hard world I have happiest been;
 And shall I tremble at thy hideous mace,
 That hath pierc'd all on which life seem'd to lean?

But HOPE might whisper,—“Many a smiling day
 “And many a cheerful eve might yet be mine,
 “Ere age’s autumn strew my locks with grey,
 “And weary to the dust my steps decline.”

I argue not:—To Thee, O God! I bow,
 And to thy hest; secure, whate’er my lot,
 Meek spirit of resign’d Content, that thou
 Wilt smooth my pillow, and forsake me not.

O bland CONTENTMENT! who, with pilgrim feet,
 Wand’rest from halls of loud, tumultuous joy;
 And on the naked down, when the winds beat,
 Dost sing to the forsaken shepherd-boy:

Thou art the sick man’s nurse, the poor man’s friend,
 And thro’ each change of life thou hast been mine;
 In every ill thou canst a comfort blend,
 And bid the eye, though sad, in sadness shine.

Thee I have met on *Cherwell's* willow'd side;
 And when our destin'd road far onward lay,
 Thee I have found, whatever chance betide,
 The kind companion of my devious way.

With thee, unwearied have I lov'd to roam,
 By the smooth-flowing *Scheldt*, or rushing *Rhine*;
 And thou hast gladden'd my sequester'd home,
 And hung my peaceful porch with eglantine.

When cares and crosses my tir'd spirits try'd,
 When to the dust my Father I resign'd;
 Amidst the quiet shade unseen I sigh'd,
 And, blest with thee, forgot a world unkind.

Ev'n now, while toiling through the sleepless night,
 A tearful look to distant scenes I cast,
 And the glad objects that once charm'd my sight
 Remember, like soft views of fairie past;

I see thee come half-smiling to my bed,
 With FORTITUDE more awfully severe,
 Whose arm sustaining holds my drooping head,
 Who dries with her dark locks the tender tear.

O firmer spirit! on some craggy height
 Who, when the tempest sails aloft, dost stand,
 And hear'st the ceaseless billows of the night
 Rolling dark on the solitary strand;

At this sad hour, when no harsh thoughts intrude
 To mar the melancholy mind's repose,
 When I am left to night and solitude,
 And languid life seems verging to its close;

O let me thy pervading influence feel!
 Be every weak and wayward thought repress'd!
 And hide thou, as with plates of coldest steel,
 The faded aspect, and the throbbing breast.

Silent the motley pageant may retreat,
 And vain mortality's brief scenes remove;
 Yet let my bosom, whilst with life it beat,
 Breathe a kind pray'r for all on earth I love.

Slow-pining pain weighs down my heavy eye,
 A chiller faintness steals upon my breast;
 "O gentle Muse, with some sweet lullaby,"*
 Rock me in long forgetfulness to rest!

* See Dr. HARRINGTON's exquisite air to the words:

"Come, gentle Muse, lull me to sleep

"With some sweet harmony!"







ON LEAVING

WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.



THE spring shall visit thee again,
And many a blackbird's early strain,
Itchin! be heard along thy rushy shore;
And yonder battlements,* that throw
Their shadow on thy stream below,
Shall wear green sprays, that deck their arches hoar.

But I, amidst the youthful train
That stray at ev'ning by thy side,
No longer shall a guest remain
To mark the spring's reviving pride.—

* St. Croix.

I go not unrejoicing: but who knows,
 O World! when I have shar'd thy many woes,
 Returning I may drop some natural tears;
 When these same fields I look around,
 And hear from yonder dome* the due-bell sound,
 And think upon the joys that crown'd my stripling
 years!

* The Cathedral.

